The
COMMONWEAL

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Area Bombing

THE FEBRUARY issue of *Fellowship* includes a supplement entitled "Massacre by Bombing. The Facts Behind the British-American Attack on Germany." This is an article by Vera Brittain. It is based on a reading of the British, American and neutral press. The neutral press furnished information from enemy sources as well as information provided by neutral correspondents who have come out of Germany. The allied press furnished statements made by the men who bear the responsibility for the conduct of the war and in particular for the air offensive against Germany. From sources of information available to the public Vera Brittain draws a picture of what is happening to the German civilians as a result of the allied bombing of Germany. It goes without saying, it is evident from the title of Vera Brittain's article, that the writer thinks that what is happening to German civilians constitutes a crime. It also goes without saying that since *Fellowship* is openly a pacifist publication, Vera Brittain's opinion will be discounted. People who oppose war naturally will oppose even more an admittedly most unpleasant and distressing aspect of war.

There is a foreword to "Massacre by Bombing" signed by very eminent and respected Americans, among whom are the following: Allan Knight Chalmers, J. Henry Carpenter, Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Rufus Jones, Kenneth Scott Latourette, Clarence Pickett, Edwin McNeill Poteat, Oswald Garrison Villard.

As every American knows, these men do not belong to the lunatic fringe. But then it is evident from the tone of the foreword they have signed that they are, to say the least, not among the most enthusiastic supporters of this war, or of war in general. They are patriotic Americans and they have earned the gratitude of Americans for their work in their several fields. Some of them have earned the gratitude and respect of men and women and hungry children outside of America; some of them have deserved well of the contemporary civilized world. But still they would like the war to stop. They are not thinking in the terms most of us are thinking in. They are, perhaps, thinking more in the terms the Pope is thinking in.

Even though they are Protestants, that disqualifies them to a certain extent. People will say that these men, and the magazine, and Vera Brittain have a special point of view about war and that should the American people come to share that point of view the American nation would lose the war. Probably that is so. However there is very little danger that the American people who are determined to win the war will suddenly turn pacifist. There is a danger but it is an entirely different danger. It is that in their determination to win the war the people of this country will permit the use by the armed forces of any means whatsoever, legitimate or illegitimate, to win the war; that the words legitimate and illegitimate will come to have no meaning; and that anyone who insists on making the distinction will be accused of hindering the war effort.

Fellowship is a pacifist magazine. THE COMMONWEAL is not a pacifist magazine. That is why we are giving as much publicity as we can to Vera Brittain's article, and to the foreword. That is why we give *Fellowship's* address: 2929 Broadway, New York; and state that the supplement "Massacre by Bombing" may be obtained at that address for ten cents. Because we, who are not pacifists, are convinced that Americans should know what the bombing of Germany is doing to civilians. And because we are convinced that it will be an appalling and disastrous thing if the argument against the "saturation" bombing of cities is carried by pacifists exclusively. It will be a shameful thing, and it will not happen through any neglectfulness of ours.

Again and again we have protested against the change in our bombing policy. When the war started, the bombing of open cities, the massacre of civilians was a German crime. When we started bombing the continent our "precision" bombing was our great pride. It still is, but it has become

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the precision bombing of entire inhabited areas. Mr. Churchill (February 22) says: "The proper course for German civilians and non-combatants to take is to quit the centers of munitions production and take refuge in the countryside. We intend to make war production in its widest sense in all German cities, towns and factory centers impossible." It is no longer the factories we are bombing; it is the areas in which the factory workers must live that we bomb. It is the cities and the towns. It is the women and the children, the old and the young whom we burn alive, suffocate, bury and destroy. By the hundreds and thousands.

This policy, which Mr. Churchill announces will not be abandoned by the United Nations, is in our opinion murder and suicide. It is the murder of innocent people and the suicide of our civilization. We no longer count on the emotions of a nation at war to intercede and force the governments to modify this policy. The emotions work the other way. The sensitiveness of a nation at war is dulled. We hope only in the political wisdom of our fellow citizens. Do they believe that a Europe reduced to despair can be rebuilt?

"The Races of Mankind"

THE Public Affairs Committee is a group of Americans, with headquarters in New York, which regularly issues pamphlets dealing with questions of political, social or economic importance in the contemporary scene. A few months ago it issued a pamphlet entitled "The Races of Mankind," prepared by two members of the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, Ruth F. Benedict and Gene Weltfish. The thesis of this pamphlet is that of every competent scientist in the field: that race is no determinant of ability and that the similarities within the human family are far greater than the dissimilarities. Differences in group intelligence demonstrably arise from differences in economic position and in what are commonly described as "advantages" during childhood. Group emotional differences—what is generally described as race prejudice—arise principally from cultural differences which are largely national in their origin. Thus it has been amply shown that the Jewish portion of any community, when it is allowed to mingle freely with the rest of the community, even tends to resemble the community physically.

The general tone of the pamphlet is admirable and it is certainly not propaganda by any ordinary definition of that term, since it limits itself to readily verifiable facts of our human existence. In the past a number of the pamphlets sponsored by this organization have been purchased by the USO for distribution throughout its recreational agencies. But when the Benedict pamphlet came up for consideration, it was excluded. Shortly after this action had been taken, Mr. Chester I. Barnard, president of the USO, issued a long and verbose memorandum explaining the principles under which the USO acted. What Mr. Barnard said, in substance, was that since the USO is supported by virtually the whole of the American people and since it is supposed to render its services to every sort of American serviceman or woman or war worker, it should distribute nothing which might offend the sensibilities of any minority group. He puts words into the mouth of a hypothetical member of the minority which believes that members of different races are, through accident of birth, inevitably either inferior or superior: "The preaching of doctrine, 'scientific' or other, that we do not accept, is propaganda." One cannot help suspecting that Mr. Barnard has fallen back into the inevitable refuge of the timid bureaucrat—above all, no controversy!

But what is worse, the Army itself is not to be allowed to distribute the Benedict pamphlet. It had bought some 50,000 copies for the purpose of indoctrinating officer candidates, giving them the answer to Hitler's racism. At once a great squawk was heard from the House Military Affairs Committee, the chairman of which hails from Kentucky. What principally annoyed this gentleman is the statistics cited from the AEF intelligence tests of the last war which showed that Northern Negroes, who had had better educational opportunities than Southern whites, hence did better in their tests. There is something ominous in this episode. There has been a great deal of agitation in favor of Federal grants to our public school system, and on its surface this proposal has looked sensible. But if the House is going to use its powers of appropriation to influence what will be taught in the schools, then there must be an adamant opposition to Federal aid. Here is a new consideration in this debate which should be overlooked by no one, and must be taken in a far wider reference than the fate of a ten cent pamphlet.

To Maintain the Peace

THE American people have gone along with Congress in favoring postwar international organization, yet the prospect is too vast for most citizens to be either positive or articulate about the postwar problem. But there are two things about which they are determined: to bring our servicemen back home at the first possible moment; never to allow such a war again. Obviously, the second of these determinations is favorable for the proponents of universal military service after the war, as embodied in the Gurney-Wadsworth bill, for instance. In fact, the ubiquitous Dr. Gallup reports the American people generally in favor of such a move. Before any die is cast and the Amer-

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ican people find themselves saddled with such a postwar burden, it would be well to give serious consideration to all aspects of the problem.

Conscription at any time is at best a necessary evil. For it is an interference in the life of the individual citizen which only the gravest national peril can justify. Conscription is a last resort. In the second place it comprises an integral part of that modern militarism which leads directly to global wars. Conscription and limitation of armaments do not mix. And if the exhausted postwar world is not to be further impoverished by the intolerable burden of great armaments, universal conscription will have to go. We are committed to international organization as the principal means of maintaining justice and order. The only alternative, in which militarism would be an essential element, would be a new isolationism combined with a strenuous new American imperialism.

There are men who have so little confidence in the nation's determination and ability to build up an economy of comparative abundance that they welcome conscription as a means of absorbing the unemployed, unmindful of the fact that so great an armed force would be a terriffic waste in the national economy. Some public figures have even recommended universal military service for its beneficent effects on our young men. What can they be thinking of? The sportsmanship of commando training, the development of social-mindedness, or the building up of lofty moral fiber? That aspect is admittedly complex.

On the other hand those favoring the enactment now of conscription in the postwar years are greatly helped by men who would jeopardize the accomplishment of anything substantial from all this blood and tears by sending all American boys home from everywhere immediately upon the armistice. The current *Catholic World* actually suggests to potential presidential candidates the following campaign promise: "If I am elected, I shall as Commander-in-Chief order all the armed forces home as soon as the peace treaty is signed." Have we then no real war aim beyond the defeat of Hitler's armies in the field?

That leads to another aspect of the draft proposal: peacetime conscription of boys of 18 to replace men serving overseas. Aside from the unsuitability of youths for this type of work, it is difficult to conceive that what policing remains to be done will require such vast numbers of Americans, a task in which all the victorious allies must have a hand. Far better to see first what can be done to attract sufficient numbers of volunteers. And if the United Nations win this war, there will be no need of a vast army at home.

During the war we must indeed think and plan for the years immediately following the conclusion of hostilities. To do so constructively we must act in the light of modern history. That means emphasis on international collaboration instead of reliance on national armaments as the means of establishing lasting peace. That is the direction of the Fulbright and Connally resolutions and the engagements made at Moscow and Teheran. That is the hope now held out to the American people and the peoples of a world which seeks security.

Divided Labor

DURING the years immediately after the split of American labor into two major camps—CIO and AFL—we frequently lamented this cleavage and urged that labor unite, on the old principle that only in unity will be found strength. As time went on, and as the country became more adjusted to a split labor movement, we began to question whether a unified labor was necessarily better. In many walks of life a reasonable amount of competition acts as a purifying factor, and as long as the competition does not end in a war of extermination, it can be extremely useful. Certainly under the old AFL setup abuses had crept into the labor movement which were so serious and vicious that they might well have ended by destroying the body on which they were parasites. Competition has done something to eliminate these abuses—along with Westbrook Pegler. And now it begins to look as though a dual labor movement is not such a bad thing as it once seemed.

Evidently the President has come around to this point of view also—or at least he realizes that for an indefinite length of time we are likely to continue to have two big labor organizations. This is vividly symbolized in his requirement that the AFL grant the CIO representation in the International Labor Office—that most useful and most alive agency of the League of Nations. So long as there was active hope that the breach between the CIO and the AFL might be healed, it was well enough to allow the claim of the AFL to exclusive representation in the ILO. The demand that this exclusivity cease is tantamount to an admission that the two organizations are going to continue separate. Nor is there any reason why, while maintaining their independence and autonomy, the two labor groups should not cooperate where a strong common interest demands it. Indeed this process of cooperation has quietly been going on for many months. And if it continues, then the competition value of having two separate labor organizations will become greater and more socially useful. For the cooperation will guarantee that the competition will be healthy rather than mutually destructive. The individual worker will not be presented with the alternative of joining a corrupt union or remaining unorganized; he will have far more freedom of choice as between two or even a greater number of unions bidding for his membership and therefore having a genuine reason for doing away with corruption and racketeering. Perhaps in multiple unionism society has found a remedy for labor tyranny.

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Britain and Europe

Dissent with Smuts

George Catlin

IN a broadcast speech of December 28, 1943, Mr. E. N. van Kleffens, Netherlands Foreign Minister, said:

> When General Smuts advises us to collaborate with England after the war my answer will be: We can only think of this provided the British Empire, and Britain in particular, shows, like ourselves, that it has no intention of once more going the way toward large-scale disarmament. . . . Assuming that America is prepared to collaborate with the British Empire and with us, it is too early to discuss the form that can be given to implementing this readiness. . . . If things move in this direction, we would see a strong formation in the West, with America, Canada, and the other British Dominions as the arsenal and vast reservoir of power, with England as the base, especially for air-power, and the West of the European mainland—by which I mean the Netherlands, Belgium and France—as the bridgehead. A development of this nature would compel us to rely upon the Western Powers, but conversely they would also need us. It is difficult to imagine a stronger position for our country. This formidable western block would find its eastern counterpart in Russia.

Belgian and Norwegian spokesmen have endorsed a similar policy. Mr. Trygve Lie, Foreign Minister of Norway, has said that "as an Atlantic people we want above all a strong organized collaboration between the two great Atlantic Powers: the British Empire and the United States. This is our primary concern and the very condition of Norwegian participation in any international order in Europe." Mr. Lie, however, insisted on the vital importance of an amicable relationship with the USSR and China. In a recent article, featured in the London *Observer*, Dr. Arne Ording, of the Nobel Institute, Oslo, writes:

> As far as regional arrangements are concerned, it would therefore be more natural for us to associate outselves with a regional agreement with the countries bordering the North Atlantic. On the condition that, at the same time, we were able to expand and strengthen our good relations with the Soviet Union, an Atlantic Regional Agreement would probably give us the maximum degree of security.

Nevertheless Dr. Ording stipulates that "the primary aim must be an international organization to which all other agreements are subordinate." How far Moscow would be prepared to subordinate its treaty agreements with Britain and its regional agreements with Czechoslovakia and other Slav states to any such international organization may well be dubious; but Dr. Ording's own position is clear enough.

The remarks of both Mr. van Kleffens and Dr. Ording follow on Field Marshal Smuts's address to the Empire Parliamentary Association on November 25, 1943, and contain criticisms of it. Field Marshal Smuts argued that:

> We shall have to attend to the lesson we have learned, and see to it that in the new organization to preserve peace for the future we give a proper place to leadership and to power. . . . Great Britain, the United States and Russia now form the trinity at the head of the United Nations fighting for the cause of humanity. And as it is in war, so it will have to be in peace.

He continued by urging, *not* an Atlantic Regional Agreement, but the establishment of three regions —or perhaps four if we include China, which (I hope inadvertently) he did not mention—of which the British Region comprised the British Commonwealth and Western Europe. He discarded the notion of what he called, in a terminology more than a little prejudicial, "an Anglo-American union or axis as the solution for the future." He added, however, with Lord Vansittart that "peace unbacked by power remains a dream." "We shall have to stick to the trinity. . . . Should we not work intimately together with these small democracies in Western Europe which by themselves may be lost? . . . It is for them to say whether they should not help themselves by helping to create out of closer union with Great Britain a great European State. . . . Three of the five great powers in Europe will have disappeared. France has gone, and if ever she returns, it will be a hard and a long upward pull for her to emerge again."

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The reasons for Marshal Smuts's policy are fairly patent. While handling both the Chinese and French situations in a somewhat off-hand manner, the scheme he outlines involves the minimum of interference with the traditional position, not so much of the Commonwealth, as of Great Britain. She would retain the leadership both of the Commonwealth and of Western (it is significant, as against European Federalists, that it is only Western) Europe; and, therefore, have literally "the best of both worlds." She would do this without making any significant sacrifice. Lord

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Halifax's speech, of January, 1944, in Toronto, was delivered in the same sense.

The criticism which Marshal Smuts directs against what he chooses to call an Anglo-American "Axis" in the Anglo-Saxon area, but which it would be fairer to call "Anglo-American organic consultation," is that "you would stir up opposition and rouse other lions in the path." So bold a policy of integration of peoples is, he believes, inconsistent with the appeasement of the jealous. In this connection it is interesting to note that Dr. Ording says of Smuts's own proposal: "There are three objections to the formation of . . . a European Federation. First of all, it might be regarded as being directed against the Soviet Union. . . . The third objection to the European Federation is that it might create new barriers between the United States and Europe." This objection, however, also applies—especially in Canada and Germany—to General Smuts's plan for a British-West-European Federation.

Marshal Smuts is, however, debarred from reaching the conclusion that Britain should not move or change her position at all. He is too much of a realist for that. He himself admits that "you will have two partners of immense power and resources—Russia and America. And you will have this island, the heart of the Empire and of the Commonwealth, weak in her European resources in comparison with the vast resources of the other two. An unequal partnership, I am afraid." The brutal truth is that, owing to the small size of her population, which is not increasing, Britain will find herself after this war in the same position as France after the last, with a great tradition and inadequate power to maintain it. Her economic and financial position has traditionally depended upon her export trade and world markets which, with the best will, the best skill and experience and the most streamlined competition, will nevertheless not be easy to come by in the future. And the new predominance of air-power does not favor the British Isles to anything like the same degree as sea-power favored them in the past on the Atlantic routes. A sharp distinction must here be made between the British Isles and the British Commonwealth, with its great air advantages. Something, therefore, has got to be done. Population and organization are the bases of all politics and the final determinants of power. And the remedy, in brief, is to bring in Western Europe to redress the balance of power occasioned by the growth of the extra-European powers and the fall of France.

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Today we seem to see the passing of Europe. A European union will be viewed with a jealous eye by the USSR and will do nothing, so the argument runs, to solve the quandary of Britain. But—since Russia will have the last word everywhere east of Prague—cannot Britain be the restorer of (Western) Europe by taking the lead at least west of the Rhine and north of the Kiel Canal? She will then be able to maintain something of her traditional position without any very bold changes.

Apart from Dr. Ording's objection to this policy—that it raises the same difficulties as a bolder policy—there are three others. First, it will arouse the acute jealousy of France. If there is to be a confederation of Europe or, still more, a "State" of Western Europe, France will violate her whole tradition if she does not expect to play a leading rôle in it. Even if she is not successful, her future jealousy of the power that tries, in these hours of eclipse, to supplant her will be intense. There has, indeed often been a clamor to bring "England into Europe," but those who have cried for this, not least Frenchmen, have usually thought of British arms as giving added muscle to the intelligence of French diplomacy. A total union of Britain and France, as suggested by M. Jean Monnet, and as offered in 1940 by Winston Churchill, is not indeed utterly out of the question. But it will be acceptable to Frenchmen precisely to the extent that the common president is French, and that France plays no subsidiary part. The second objection is how far the Dominions, intimately connected, some of them (as Mr. Mackenzie King has reminded us), with the American Continent and the United States, will be prepared constitutionally to be made an appendix of a policy finally and totally committed to the interests and alarms of the European Continent without possibility of detachment. Whether or not there can ever be a cultural passing of Europe—perhaps in favor of older Asia—assuredly the trend is today not one which will permit of the increased subordination of the countries of the New World and Pacific to the national exigencies of the Old, whether by militarily guaranteeing East Prussia or Rumania to Poland or in support of whatever might be future French policy (untrammelled by Geneva guarantees) on the Pyrenees or in Africa. The guarantees to be given must be shaped by the interests of the major guarantors. The Dominions might be prepared to commit themselves to world guarantees, as under Woodrow Wilson's scheme. They might be prepared to cast in their lot, in its assurances, risks and responsibilities, with the whole of the West. But I cannot imagine that they will be prepared to accept the liabilities of a more picayune scheme just because this may be the cheapest and least imaginative method of saving English prestige.

The third objection is of another order, and the most fatal in the view of this writer. The Congress of Vienna was a success, compared with its successor at Versailles, not because particular

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countries were pleased at the moment but because it satisfied the pragmatic test that its arrangements lasted. It was a success, not because its members were supermen—they were not—but because it was blessed by the unemotional solidity of a Metternich, the shrewd commonsense of a Wellington (fortified by his cynical professional contempt for popular passion), and by the presence of a Talleyrand. At Versailles there was no German Talleyrand because the Allies were bemused by their own high-falutin' propaganda and by a very human avarice. Castlereagh, British Foreign Secretary, in instructing his delegates at the Congress of Vienna, wrote: "Our concern is not to accumulate trophies but to make a peace that will endure." The delegates, well aware as mature men that all wars are wars about power, made a peace that did in fact endure. Our task after the Second World War, and unless we are to see the Third in our time, is to do the same. Marshal Smuts's scheme, although genuinely concerned—as Marshal Smuts peculiarly has been—with this object, will not in fact, I submit, attain it.

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In effect the Smuts proposals mean that England will be able to maintain her prestige as of old, but only by control of a new balance of power, not between France and Germany dividing Europe (since these will have become small stuff in the balance), but between the USA and the USSR. This will mean either that Britain, as the weakest of the three, will play these powers off against each other, or will herself become the catspaw in the event of rivalry between them. In the event of Russia succeeding, the Dominions will either break away (which in fact would happen) or would be placed in the impossible position, geographically and sentimentally, of opposing the USA. For nine years indeed the balancing power might act as a buckler between East and West. In the tenth the trouble would come. Britain would then be left to lead her mostly dissimilar allies, headed by a jealous France, with dissimilar ancient traditions and little habit of cooperation, into one or the other camp—all for the privilege of leading somebody. It is difficult to imagine a less appetizing scene. The policy of balance of power is indeed very old, very traditional in Britain, very alluring to the cultivators of national sovereignty and to those who eschew new vision. But if peace is to be preserved, it is high time that it was discarded.

What then are the alternatives? In fairness it should be said, as the beginning of wisdom, that a traditional policy has a presupposition in its favor and should not be discarded unless a better one can be found. Metternich suggested the Concert of Europe, placed in the framework of the Holy Alliance—which, for their own reasons the English did not like despite its Christian professions. Wilson sought to accommodate the new and "free" nationalism, which had challenged this Concert, in terms of the League of Nations. Today, however, as Dr. W. Friedmann, Lecturer in Laws at London University, has excellently shown in his "Crisis of the National State," this renascent nationalism passes over into the New Imperialism. "The analysis has revealed that the predominant trend of the political, economic and social forces of today leads away from the national state. This trend is, in many cases, unconscious or contrary to professed ideology. . . . The resultant dilemma of national self-determination leads either to the suppression or the incorporation of the smaller national states by the more powerful ones, which themselves turn from Nationalism to Imperialism." The straight-cut to peace is to establish an international authority, referred to by Dr. Ording as a "common general staff," working presumably under a permanent high command—which will not require any "trinity," gingerly manipulating the balance of power between themselves. Under this condition, Marshal Smuts's policy becomes otiose.

However, like most very simple solutions, the execution of this simple plan is by no means so simple—and most of the difficulties in the way come from the attachment to parochial sovereignty, despite Governor Stassen's speeches, of the United States itself. There is an inevitable political time-lag on the part of a people separated from the Eastern Hemisphere by Atlantic and Pacific and ideologically reluctant to admit, despite recent experience, that two hemispheres make one world. Mr. Sumner Welles, than whom no one is better acquainted with these problems, writes:

> It seems to me that the outstanding consideration which will arise if a series of agreements of this character [the Soviet-Czech treaty] are successfully negotiated will be the fact that there would be created a region system of Eastern Europe. . . . Were this to be employed merely as a counterpoise to a region system of Western Europe under British auspices, which General Smuts apparently favors, there would at once arise the probability of a return to the old balance-of-power system. In such a form this would be a balance of power in a peculiarly dangerous guise. . . . The existence, however, of regional systems functioning under the supervising authority of an executive council of a future world organization composed of representatives of the major powers, upon which must fall the responsibility for preventing war, together with representatives designated by all regions, would help to solve many difficult problems.

Mr. Welles continues by pointing out that the revival of the old League of Nations will not be equally satisfactory. The difficulty lies in the constitution—and the US Senate can be relied upon to state the difficulty—of this "executive council of a world organization," which Mr. Welles makes the king-pin of the whole mechanism. It may be possible to establish a general staff, from existing United Nations' forces, for the policing

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of Germany, but the trouble will come when this international army or its high command and "Supreme Executive Committee" seeks to interfere with friendly sovereign states (unless they were very little ones) when they get up to their tricks after this war, as they did up to the last. The very Atlantic Charter, with its deplorable Article 3, would be invoked against the council.

The basis of parliamentary democracy is agreement on fundamentals. It may be argued that, in international government, there is no such agreement any more than there was when the national states began to be built up. Lenin's argument has force that, in these circumstances, there is no good in putting confidence in "democratic committeeism." The small states can act as valued consultants but not as executive powers. One route here could be to declare that the world will only be united, and a world political authority built, by the world domination of one state and one system. If so, lasting peace might depend upon the world dictatorship of the proletariat focussed on the Kremlin, and supplying the requisite police authority from a center which at least knows its own mind. Certainly the USSR has the effective power at the least to carry through a *Pax Russica* the needed unification of Europe, which Hitler cannot. An alliance of pacifism and communism—non-resisters and proletarian dictatorship—might, theoretically at least, establish world peace on a Roman model, while liberty would be maintained spiritually as by the early church. This thesis is worth more consideration than it has hitherto received. It is, however, too novel, except in limited circles, for its acceptance to be likely to be reached without struggle in the West—which, moreover, has values and a tradition to preserve of a less totalitarian order. It looks, therefore, as if, to use Mr. Herbert Morrison's words, "the sword of soverignty" will have to be held by four powers together—however much this regrettably involves self-contradiction in strict theory of sovereignty. The real test for the statesmanship of the United Nations is whether, contrary to all historic experience since the collapse of the East-West division of the Roman Empire, these great powers can in fact permanently remain united in the exercise of executive power.

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The principle which the next Peace Conference will have to take as cardinal, as the Congress of Vienna took Legitimacy as cardinal, will (as I have suggested in the *Contemporary,* September, 1943) probably have to be that of Function. In the world of zoölogy function determines size. The areas of administration will be determined by the technical requirements of the particular function of government, and governmental functions at this stage will be treated severally and not *en bloc.* Thus, e.g., education might be administered provincially, with varying systems in areas less than the present states (Quebec province, for example), while air transport from its very technical nature might be held to require global administration. (It is arguable that, purely technically, economic arrangements are less dependent upon the world market than they were a century ago, as the USSR has demonstrated). Increasingly it is likely to be recognized that technical requirements determine the shape of politics and society, and not exclusively the converse, whereby national sentiment sets limits to the application of technical methods—which leads to inefficiency, frustration and chaos. This is one part of the truth. It yet remains true that global administrative arrangements will require a global competent authority somewhere, whether based upon united sovereignty or empiric and opportunist agreement; and that no merely technical or economic arrangements will hold good so long as the competent governmental authorities are luke-warm about them or inclined to sabotage them.

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We thus come back to the question of the appropriate political authority. The trend of opinion seems to be that, for executive purposes, this will be regional, with a concert—or, if we may adapt Leibnitz, "pre-established harmony"—of the great regional powers to maintain certain global technical and economic arrangements and to maintain peace. The issue is, then, that of the regions, of which the Far Eastern area is apparently one, and the Eur-Asiatic area of the USSR another, with the European area from Vistula to Biscay having the waning possibility, owing to Russian opposition, of being a third. Is then the American area, exclusive of Canada, and the British Commonwealth—perhaps plus Western Europe—to be the fourth and fifth (or third and fourth) respectively? I have given what are in my opinion decisive reasons against this distribution. Field Marshal Smuts has added another: that it leaves the British Commonwealth far the weakest of all the regions. I would add that, considered purely technically, it involves a geographic monstrosity, as heterogeneous as the Habsburg estates and scattered all over the earth. It is therefore politically misbegotten.

Instead my thesis is that these two areas should be one—the West. Even so, it is questionable, owing to its liberal structure, whether it will be as strong as a totalitarian and "Stakhanovite" Eur-Asian area, unburdened by the restraints of an excess ofcivilization. This single area, with the British Commonwealth half-mooned round the Americas, and the Western United States supplying the heart and the bulk of the needed population, is as a geopolitical entity something highly intelligible

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and satisfactory economically, strategically and culturally. What stands in the way of its integration are local prejudices, both British and American. Indeed the opposition of Whitehall and of certain Senators can be taken for granted. The absurdity of these prejudices is shown by the fact that each people is suspicious that it is a plot to make the other dominant. The prejudices mutually cancel out. I have outlined above what, in my view, is the one feasible and serious alternative. Whether Western statesmanship can rise to this vision is, of course, the unknown question.

★

Let us remove two final objections. *Every* regional scheme is open to the objection that it may prepare the way for inter-regional war. Mr. Sumner Welles rightly urges this (under certain circumstances only) against both the Soviet-Czech scheme, proclaimed by M. Benes and so generally applauded, and against the Smuts scheme, deplorably weak though it is. If the great powers will peace, they can maintain the world framework of peace and the means will not be lacking. If they will rivalry and in the last resort war, not all the administrative arrangements in the world will check them and appeasement will prove, as usual, the most futile of policies. The issue is simple: do the great powers favor the fusion of peoples for the ensuring of peace, whenever and wherever possible until the whole earth is embraced: or do they jealously oppose this because it disturbs the balance of great power? It is a question that Mr. H. G. Wells recently raised in a violent attack upon Dr. D. Brogan (*Sunday Express*) January 30.

Second, there will be the inevitable plea of the small nations that they should be treated, on the basis of sovereign equality, as equal "powers" with the great—in brief, that countries smaller in population than New York or London should have an equal chance to determine policy and, e.g., Bulgaria have an unfettered sovereign right to embroil Russia on behalf of Sofia. So stated the claim is patently absurd and unjust. Wise counsellors may emerge from any people; but a sound internationalism and good humanism will be concerned for little people, human beings, and not peculiarly for little states. For these reasons (as Colonel Drew, of Canada, has recently reminded us) a Balkanization of the Commonwealth or a Balkanized conception of world order is reactionary and obscurantist, especially at a time when the Soviet Union is making it plain that it is a collection of sixteen separate states with one policy. It will, however, certainly be argued by followers of Mr. Mackenzie King that Canada is not only a British Dominion but a North American state, and that proposals for integration in the Empire must be viewed in the light of this. This is true. The project of Western integration set out above fully allows, as no other does, for both these considerations. Indeed nowhere is the fusion of peoples more practicable, and the divisions more artificial and technically and culturally objectionable, than between the Canadian Provinces and the United States. But a far grander scheme, and one equally practicable, could bring the whole Commonwealth, as one entity, into organic consultation and integration with the whole United States and South America as another entity.

It may be hazarded with some confidence that Holland, Belgium, Norway, even the South and Central American States would prefer association with the United States and British Commonwealth together, rather than with either separately. It is the misfortune of North and South America not to be complementary to each other: economically they require the construction of the larger area. France, whose natural rôle may be to lead a confederate Europe, would doubtless prefer any arrangement which would give her a dominant position. Were this entirely impracticable, then France would also prefer (as Spain might) such an association rather than to be what has been called an "Eighth Dimension."

★

On analysis the problem, theoretically although not practically, is not so complex. Either we assign to the will for enduring peace first priority in our scheme (which is the classical position in political philosophy) or we presumably assign this either to "liberty" or to "economic justice." If "liberty," then we have to work out a satisfactory scheme of world order, as distinct from free force in an international anarchy. If "economic justice" is first, then the odds are that we shall end in the revolutionary communist theme already discussed and evaluated. The priority "security," used by William Pitt—and Walter Lippmann—will scarcely stand scrutiny as a basis for international law, since it means security for the national interests as defined by the nation for itself, *unless* it means conformity to the conditions of enduring peace. If, however, we accept "enduring peace" as first priority, then the issue is whether the world is yet ripe for a world government, whether democratic (more than on paper, with some technical supplements) or under the Kremlin or otherwise; or whether it is only as yet ripe for substantial regional control, within some world framework of less than sovereign authority. If this last, must not these controls, which will hold the substance of power, be those of the Far East, Eur-Asia and the West? No re-distribution of power can solve the secular problem of power but a wise distribution can mitigate it until education in humanism has done its work. Two of these regions are in effect constituted. How are we to constitute the third on the popular will?

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Routine

Days in the life of a Navy Chaplain

Joseph N. Moody

PAT did not conform to type. He was a B'osun Mate, Second Class, in the regular Navy. B'osuns are the "foremen" in the deck divisions aboard ship, and are reputedly tougher than the fictional Army Sergeant. In addition, Pat was in the Master-at-Arms force, the police group, known to the boys as the "Gestapo." Their duties include the maintenance of discipline, the detection of violators and the custody of prisoners. Pat was in charge of the "brig," and were Hollywood casting the story, they certainly would have selected Victor McLaglen for the rôle. Yet Pat was quiet, refined and good-looking. He was intensely devoted to his wife, and was never seen around the haunts of the wandering, friendless sailors ashore. Both in appearance and habits, Pat was a splendid young American.

The week we were to leave an East Coast port, Pat's young wife became desperately ill. On the day before we sailed, he took her to a hospital for a major operation. He returned that night to the ship to put in a "chit" to stay behind, knowing that the request would necessarily be refused. It was. Pat spent a sleepless night, wrestling with the temptation to jump ship. He had no relations nearer than the West Coast and no close friends in a strange city. The thought of leaving his wife alone in this crisis burdened his spirit, but in the end habit and a sense of duty prevailed. He was in his place at muster the next morning, and we left before he could learn the results of the operation. Three days out, the Communication orderly put in my hands the following message addressed to Pat: "Wife died Monday the seventh; wire wishes for disposal of body, ... Hospital." As I waited for the yeoman to find him, I reflected on the printed heading of the message. In bold capitals was a single word, "ROUTINE." Certainly it was "routine," a technical phrase to distinguish it from an urgent message of military significance. Yet there was a certain irony in the use of that word to describe the loss of all that Pat loved.

Were I asked to describe the function of a chaplain, I would say that he is a man who must break through the crust of military routine to the basic human values beneath. Everything in war is hard-coated with the stern armor of discipline and uniformity. The personal life of the chaplain is subject to the same regulation. This is the source of his influence with his men, for were he not one of them, in all their hardships, they would never take him to themselves. He is up with them before dawn for morning "stand to"; his life crosses theirs at many points throughout the day. In danger or in humdrum routine he is with them. When they say, "He talks our language," they are not thinking of his spoken word, but of the unuttered syllables of common burdens.

So it happens that when the rather dull Mike Kovak passes from seaman second to seaman first after numerous failures, the ship's routine is unaffected beyond the changes noted in his record and pay. But the chaplain must see the striving with the unfamiliar manuals, the dread of examination, the fear of another failure, the sense of triumph in the unusual success. When Schmidt pops in to report that his wife in Kansas had a baby, the proffered White Owl must be gratefully accepted. It is difficult to realize what Schmidt's consort might be like, but here is a human bursting with an exaltation so rare in our ordered life, and he seeks communion with another in his joy. One remembers Our Lord stooping to the details of the marriage feast, interrupting His teaching to heal the paralytic or ending His discourse with concern for the feeding of the multitude. To Him nothing in man's life was insignificant; nothing human was routine.

It is the inexorable grinding of routine that makes war the hateful thing it is. We are still nourished on the romantic vision of war: the thundering clash of mounted men, the flashing of the drawn sword in the charge, the thrust against the foeman's steel. But all of this is absent in the current version, and one suspects the picture of the past. Even attempts to idealize air warfare are meaningless to anyone who has lived and flown with military aviators, and knows the oppressive monotony of most flying. Modern war is like a pregnancy: long months of discomfort leading up to a few bitter moments of pain. And the interminable waiting and repetitous drill is more disturbing than the frenzy of combat. I have seen men afraid in battle, but they are the exception. Most do their battle tasks well, with a sense of relief that the long preparations have

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finally led to something tangible. They are more apt to be physically tired than afraid, for the bodily strain is acute. Almost certainly, they are emotionally fatigued at the point of combat. War knows one occupational disease, *ennui;* and the worst thing about it is that it is boring. There is almost no adventure, but endless routine.

Men at war labor to build a bridge over this abyss, with varying success. As the months of separation lengthen, the magic of memory casts an enchanted spell over all connected with home. All their eager desire for peace and security is focused there, and their greatest concern is that the image they cherish will be disturbed before they return. A worried sailor came into the office one day at sea, and asked me to peruse a cigar-box filled with letters from his wife. They had carried on an epistolary feud for many months on the issue of her failure to cross the country to join him in a port where we were being repaired. There was a growing bitterness in her replies, until a final break was threatened, and I was called upon to reverse the tide. With a domestic problem, real or imaginary, a sailor is a most miserable mortal.

But the men cannot live entirely in the past, and the long hours of work force them to concentrate on immediate realities. A few develop genuine interest in their field, and for these, salvation comes easily. Others find a hobby and while away the hours making knives or carving model ships. A minority seek means of self-improvement. All snatch hungrily at the limited opportunities for entertainment. I heard one sailor remark how happy he was that his wife had mailed him a comic section. Our generation has been raised with a fearful dependence upon mechanical amusement, and the absence of the radio, juke box and movie in combat areas strips our men of all their known methods of diversion. The nakedness of our cultural equipment is all too evident in our forward areas.

Into such a milieu the Chaplain brings the message of Christ. Circumstances insure that there is little routine in his ministry. Mass must be offered in the most unusual places. For a reredos, I have used the flicked spray, that on one occasion became so unruly that it stained the white chasuble. For a mensa, I have employed the wing of a huge patrol bomber and a bench in a machine shop. I have carried the Blessed Sacrament to a dying man in a plane making 200 miles an hour. I have heard confessions in the crowded, smelly hold of a transport. Once while offering the Holy Sacrifice on such a ship, the sermon was interrupted by the B'osun's cry: "All the special sea detail lay up to the quarter-deck." As this meant that the ship was getting under way, I paused to ask an officer in the front row if there was need for haste. He assured me that all was well, and after Mass had been completed, I found that the ship had "pulled the hook" and was quietly nosing its way through the coral reef of the tropical harbor. However, the "padre" had not been forgotten, and I swung over the side into a waiting Higgins boat that sped me to my own ship. This was the last visit of Christ to that particular vessel, as it was sunk a few days later by enemy aircraft. I have baptized men in a darkened cabin at sea, and arranged for their confirmation in a missionary Cathedral amid exotic surroundings. I have anointed a man with a crushed skull as salt sprayed us on a dash for a hospital ship. And all these things occur with a disturbing irregularity. Services had to be multiplied to accommodate men on watch and the hours had to be flexible to deal with untoward situations. Often have I envied the civilian pastor who could post his hours for Mass on a fixed sign before his church and could preach to his congregation with the comforting assurance that his voice would be contained within four walls.

There is practically no hostility to religion among Navy personnel; and there is a great deal of reverence that evidences itself in little things: in their efforts at silence during services and their hasty removal of a watch cap if they pass the portable altar. This innate respect extends to the chaplain. He and the senior aviator are the only officers aboard that start with a reservoir of good will. Other officers are viewed critically by the crew until they prove their worth; the chaplain is accepted until he does something to shake their confidence. Yet there is a great deal of indifference in the men's personal response to religion. Civilians apply the popular "no atheists in foxholes" far too broadly. In the first place, only the smallest fraction of our fighting men are actively engaged at any one time. The vast majority are occupied with "routine." This is particularly true of the Navy, where combat is sporadic. Yet even when faced with battle or engaged therein, it would be a mistake to believe that the sound of guns drives men to an active practice of religion. If the ultimate crisis turns men's thoughts to God, they are remarkably successful in concealing the change from public view.

Lest this verdict seems unduly pessimistic, we may cite from experience. Never have men had such abundant opportunities to worship God as on a large combat ship in wartime. Mass is offered daily, and several times on Sunday, and there are always services for non-Catholics. All these are conducted within sight of the crew: on deck, if the weather and time of day permits; otherwise in the messing compartments. All are announced in the Plan of the Day and over the Ship's PA system, and are preceded by the bugle call, the tolling of the bell and the flying of the Church pennant. Yet in a year and a half, ap-

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proximately fifty per cent of the officers and men aboard never attended any religious service. It was curious to see men off watch pick themselves from the deck when Church call sounds and "drag out of range." These, of course, have not "lost" religion in the Navy. Most of them came from nominally Protestant homes, and had no religious background of any kind. One becomes painfully aware of the extent of religious indifference while serving with the forces afloat. The interesting fact is that this hard core remained unmoved by the experience of large scale combat. The imminence of major action did bring some laggard Catholics to the sacraments, and it increased the devotion of the religious-minded; but the rest were totally unaffected. One is forced to the conclusion that it takes more than a fox-hole to bring men back to God.

A percentage of those who resist all appeals to attend Church are of Catholic birth. There was Stanley, a pleasant Polish boy, one of the ship's cooks. In the evening on the way to Mass, I would find him in the messing compartment, relaxing after his labors. We would always chat for a moment, and usually would mention religion. I used all possible persuasion, and was rewarded with a smile and a vague promise. As I was vesting I could still see him staring blankly into space; but before the "Judica Me," he would have slouched off through the galley to resume his interrupted reverie. Then there was Jake. He was a common type, a man who had had some disagreement with his pastor back home. A course of instruction had broken down his prejudices, and he was ready to receive the sacraments when we went into battle. At the last moment he demurred, fearing that others would think that he was taking the step through dread of death. There was Dutch, a young gunner's mate, whose reading had led him to a "scientific" bias against religion. He patiently submitted to instructions, but retained his doubts. Finally there was Mac, the kind that had a cousin a Jesuit and a sister a nun, but who had closed his mind to any discussion of religion. There were others, too, of similar stamp, men who saw shells crash through the steel about them without feeling any compunction about their estrangement from God.

It is true that they were a minority. A census showed that the great proportion of Catholics aboard were more active in the practice of religion than they had been at home. The explanation is obvious: the intimacy with which the priest lives with them and his opportunity to influence their personal lives; the activity of lay apostles; the increased occasion for reflection that came in lives freed from all distraction. In practically all cases where a radical change for the better occurred, it was necessary to buttress it with a full course of instructions, for lack of religious training is the prime defect in our adult Catholic. Rarely was fear an important element, as modern naval warfare is too impersonal to inspire terror, and men's mental habits are too firmly grooved to be deeply affected thereby. The conviction was always present that although the spiritual results were gratifying, they could have been achieved by intensive missionary activity on Main Street, almost as well as aboard a man-o'-war.

The chaplain's greatest help in bringing his men to God is the liturgy. The use of Father Stedman's missal is universal among them, and the regularity of their attendance is increased by their growing appreciation of the beauty of the Sacrifice. They frequently aver that they had no concept of its meaning until they had learned to follow it intelligently. The numbers at daily Mass tripled once the "Missa Recitata" was introduced, and the response on Sunday was almost as noteworthy. There is little doubt that they were being prepared for a real interest in liturgical participation, which gives one hope that some abiding spiritual result may have been obtained from their experience aboard ship. At least in their religious life, the influence of routine was diminished. Coupled with the aid furnished by the Confraternity Home Study Courses and pamphlets, it was felt that a firm basis was afforded for their further religious development.

I have called this piece "Routine," but again I emphasize that there is no monotony in the chaplain's dealings with the American sailor. They are a wonderful bunch of kids—generous, basically decent, bewildered by life and war, and searching for some anchor in the storm. They are genuinely home-sick; on one occasion $5,700 was spent on one day to send home flowers for Mother's Day. They show complete unconcern for war aims or plans for the post-war world. While they are not ideal material for the millenium, I would be truly thankful if I had them in my parish when we all escape from "routine."

Cameras Forbidden

No mountains monstrous with the light of noon on snow,
No sheeted flash of bomb or plane roar in wide silver sweep;
Only such photographs now as the mind may film,
Only such pictures as the eye may keep:

You, Shorty, with your rifle poised against a blinding sky,
And Mike who laughs across a mess-plate of cold beans,
And Sands, grease-smeared and grinning at the wheel:
These, these, and some odd thousand other scenes

Shall never be recorded in this theater of war,
These vital documents will not outlast this day;
But these are the snapshots that the memory saves,
These are the pictures that the heart will put away.

Technical Sergeant FREDERICK EBRIGHT.

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Communications

"LESSONS OF MY LIFE"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I hold no brief for Madame Undset's views. I suppose that when she said "Versailles" she meant the whole complex that includes all the 1919 and subsequent treaties. But as a native middle-class German, who was closely connected with the German workers, peasants, middle class and nobility, who served 52 months in the First World War, not as an officer, and who lived for a long time among the gentry and nobility, whatever that may mean, I should like to say, in reply to Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's letter in THE COMMONWEAL of March 3:

Not only the middle class, to which most people with a title or a "von" belonged, looked askance at the liberation of the Slavs. And I speak about Germany, not about Austria, with which as far as I know Madame Undset is not concerned. Not only the middle class judged other nations according to their own standards: e. g. if they had bathtubs, then by bathtubs; if they had telephones, then by telephones; if they had a family tree, then by family trees; and certainly by soap. Any German farmer or laborer who saw Poles the way they lived in Poland, or as slaves on the landed estates of German "junkers"—I was pastor of 50 such estates—judged them in a more merciless way than middle class people did; not to speak of the barons and counts, who employed them and who expressed their esteem for these Slavs by paying them starvation wages and by keeping them in hovels and barracks. Don't all people, nobility and gentry included, judge their neighbors—often one-sidedly—by what they themselves have? Is the condescending kindness—which has nothing to do with the man-to-man friendliness of true democracy—so frequently shown by the lord and lady of the manor not based on superiority of some kind or other, often not too far distant from the soap standard? Such remarks are prevalent among unadjusted immigrants and guests in this country who are unable to reach the American level of natural fellowship and uninhibited regard for the dignity of the man in overalls.

What induced Mr. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn to bring in Masaryk's grievance against Jews and the reference to the unfortunate prelate of Olomouc? Will this not give your readers the impression that the founder of Czechoslovakia was anti-Semitic? Was he?

As a North German I must say that nobility, gentry, laboring classes and peasantry (not that I acknowledge the validity of this sociological stratification, which seems to be based on mere word patterns, not on evidence) were full of exactly the prejudices Madame Undset suspects in them, so full that anyone who had a Slavic name either changed it, or if he kept it was most apologetic about it. The Batockis, Podbielskis, etc. at the court of William II, in the army, civil service and professions, regarded themselves as German gentry or nobility with remote Polish ancestry. They cannot posibly be compared with the impressive list of Austrians in Mr. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's letter. Most of them did not even speak Polish.

How "middle class" even members of the nobility were is easily shown by the fact that a great number of the princes, dukes and counts were industrialists, bank presidents, investors, etc., and lived like anyone in Grosse Pointe or Westchester. Generalizations are dangerous, it is true. But this statement works both ways. I don't think Mr. Von Kuehnelt-Leddihn has really invalidated this part of Madame Undset's review, in spite of a great display of apparent information. H. A. REINHOLD.

"AMEN, AMEN"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I don't know how Casanova would feel if he had to kiss a dehydrated girl, or how a big game hunter would feel in the presence of a dehydrated elephant, but I do know how I feel when I am presented with a dehydrated account of the Catholic view of life. I feel awful.

I think I have reached the point where I shall sing the praises of the pamphlets sold at church doors. Oh! the liberating and vast expanses of theological and moral knowledge they offer to the intelligence! Oh! the joy of the mind overcome by their vast perspectives! What subtlety and keenness of analysis they contain! In comparison to the recent volume by Ensign S. A. Constantino, these five and ten cent bundles of theology seem to me to take on the proportions of works by Maritain or Garrigou-Lagrange. These pink, blue and yellow-covered pamphlets, in comparison with "Amen, Amen," seem like a great and harmonious Summa Theologica!

Naturally to all those for whom subtleties, overtones, awareness of difficulties are empty Byzantinism, "Amen, Amen" will be a delight. They will find in it a theodicy, an ethics, a study of the problem of prostitution, a comparative investigation into the respective merits of free enterprise and the just wage, a plan for the reconstruction of the world after the war, a proof of the divinity of Christ and of the Church—and all this in a nutshell.

Mr. Lewis of "Screwtape" fame is a layman who talks with simplicity about the fundamental truths of Christianity; one might reproach him for a certain whimsicality, but he is never vulgar. Chesterton is often exasperating, but the brusque simplification which he applies to an idea is never vulgar. No, most certainly we cannot compare the good Ensign with these two writers. His book is a mere undigested reprint of pious hack journalism—published by a respectable firm.

I asked myself why the book should have been given the title "Amen, Amen." But I really haven't the time to solve the puzzle. Judging by the style of the book, wherein the author, in order to make us swallow his little theological vitamin capsules, feels it necessary to look hearty, to slap us on the back, to poke us in the belly, to call us regular fellows, one might rather have expected something like "OK, Boss."

In short, this is a very bad book, completely orthodox, written by a good little boy scout, which will delight those

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who want truth in six easy lessons—Latin without tears. How well I understand the feelings of one of his teachers, who "helpfully kicked me out of the American literature class"! But how account for the other professor who gave him a "B" in literature?

THE REV. JEAN C. DE MENASCE.

The Stage & Screen

Thank You, Svoboda

ADAPTED from the novel by John Pen, the early closing of Milton Baron's honest sleep-walker was predictable, although not perhaps the admirable dispatch with which it was effected. However, dreary as it was, the late offering did, I think, compass one or two points. To begin with, the script itself demonstrated again the worn conclusion that the choice of play-tailor is a nice one; and that, by all means, it had far better always be delivered into the hands of a practicing wright. Here, H. S. Kraft attempted a narrative method of dramatization which resulted in scene upon scene of exposition without any action at all. For three acts everything was heard about, described, and what was actually seen amounted merely to the introduction and accumulation of characters. Needless to say, the result was that none of the doings on stage could in any way rival the bruitings off it; and whatever possible play existed lay consistently buried among the wings of Sammy Leve's apt and beautifully lighted sets. *Where to begin* is always the crux in any type of re-job. It's too bad that this time Mr. Kraft missed it entirely.

In the name-rôle—that of a small ultimate Czechoslovakian whose minute but exact expectation of justice enables him to box the invaders—Sam Jaffe was customarily endearing although hindered by Brooklynese. And equally hindered was Whitford Kane whose "indomitable Irishry" has so far in the season been put to most international abuse. The brief glimpse allowed us of Adrienne Gessner in a most supporting rôle encourages me to hazard that this Viennese actress has integrity, stuff, and *command* on the stage. My prediction is that if someone will find Miss Gessner a play of her own, he will find gold.

Bright Boy

IT SEEMS to me, if I write this down exactly as it came, perhaps you will understand it—even if I don't.

Scene 1—The curtain rises on the opening day of fall-term in a boys' school and there are many boys. David and Allen are going to be room-mates in this very room. Allen is the "bright boy." He is sharp and speaks quite a lot of Spanish with one of the professors. A boy wearing glasses is called Specs and has a watch. A girl out the window is that professor's daughter. She lives downstairs.

2—Many boys are smoking on a hill near a lake and decide to dunk Allen. David tries to stop them. He is slow and like Lincoln. An old professor walks by. Allen is dunked and the professor walks back and talks about democracy. Allen is furious. He doesn't like to lose and will kill everyone. David tells him it is better to make everybody like him.

3—Everybody now likes Allen. He lends money and does peoples' homework. David is smoking on the hill and writing his speech for the contest. Margaret walks by. She wears a sweater and chooses David instead of Allen. The old professor gives David advice about his speech. There is stealing going on.

4—David wins the speech-contest beating Allen. He will now run against Allen for class-president. Specs's watch is stolen. Allen is monitor of the dormitory tonight and goes out. Suddenly Margaret comes in while David is in bed. Two boys, Steve and Sleepy, have told her David was sick. David finds Specs's watch near Allen's coat and hides it. Steve and Sleepy come in and Allen comes in and is surprised. He sends Margaret back downstairs and now has something on David. David knows that Allen has been stealing and lending the money back to the boys. David promises to get the presidency for Allen if Allen will promise to believe in people.

5—David gets the presidency for Allen and is smoking on the hill. Everybody gives Allen a radio and he likes them and asks them to drink a lot of beer. Steve and Sleepy are suddenly going to be expelled because Specs's watch is found in their room and an anonymous note sent to the teachers. David knocks Allen down because he didn't believe in people. Nobody believes David about the stealing. Specs says he discovered in a taxicab that Allen isn't really rich and that his father was sent up for not paying his income tax. The old professor talks about being able to lose and democracy. Everybody goes to drink beer. Margaret comes on and tells David she sent the note about Specs's watch. David goes to drink beer.

I think maybe it all has something to do with fascism. (*At the Playhouse.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

See Here, Pvts. Weems and Hargrove

NO DOUBT it's a good healthy sign that Hollywood can poke a little satirical fun at soldiers and army life. And its probably an even healthier sign that this humor can be enjoyed not only by civilians but also by the soldiers themselves, who might have just cause to be more annoyed than amused at some of the army jokes in movies.

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For instance K.P. looks very funny when we see Pvt. Hargrove shining one garbage can after the other so that he can see his face in their bottoms; but actual K.P. must be a pain in the neck to the real soldier who cannot possibly laugh as he sees his own sweaty visage reflected from the depths of a metal G.I. can. Since the beginning of the war Hollywood has exhibited many aspects of camp life; these portraits have varied from excellent shorts, like "Private Smith of the U.S.A." (which admitted that many a homesick lad griped in typical American fashion but wound up after the selectee-to-private training by becoming a good soldier) to the Hal Roach comedies (in which the slapstick was far-fetched but amusing) and the series of Rookie comedies (which starred Brown and Carney, and poked such exaggerated and tasteless humor at sergeants, drilling, uniforms, etc., that the OWI frowned and the series was discontinued). Two brand new soldier comedies that reach the screen this month give every indication of hitting a new high in popularity with the armed forces and civilians for their portraits of two appealing, although rather inept, G.I. Joes.

The only point that *"See Here, Private Hargrove"* and *"Up In Arms"* have in common (outside of the fact that most of their characters are soldiers) is the complete impracticality of their main heroes. Marion Hargrove of "See Here" and Danny Weems of "Up In" are dreamers and near-misfits in any group; they are a couple of delightful and likable boys but would be very trying for anyone who is their boss or commanding officer. Somehow, through the leveling influence of the army and some very patient officers, both heroes turn out to be pretty good soldiers. Beyond this, the two comedies go their individual ways to show what army life is and isn't like.

"See Here, Private Hargrove" is based on that extremely popular best seller whose chapters first appeared in the columns of a newspaper. The film has the same popular appeal as the book; its hero is a World War II version of those sensitive and wholesome characters which Booth Tarkington and Samuel Merwin used to create. That many of the story's incidents really happened to author Hargrove makes these incidents no more true than some of the funny episodes about Willie Baxter and Temperamental Henry. We first see Hargrove as a cub reporter being bawled out by his editor. He receives his "greetings" from the President and the next thing we know Hargrove is on his way to camp. There follows a series of garbage cans, street sweeping, etc.—for Pvt. Hargrove, according to his despairing sergeant, misunderstands the army for a picnic and is always in trouble. Of course there is other local color: scenes of drilling, shooting, maneuvers. Although Pvt. Hargrove becomes an expert gunner, he is still a thorn to his officers. The film's most genuinely amusing episodes are those showing Hargrove with his friends, especially one Pvt. Mulvehill (played by Keenan Wynn who gives an excellent performance as the chiseler, the parasite that is found in every office, camp and stratum of society). Robert Walker is effective as our mild-tempered, unworldly hero but somehow neither the rôle nor the actor has sufficient weight to hold our interest through nine reels. A minor love story, in which Donna Reed plays the pretty girl, takes us out of camp for a while but does not take us away from Hargrove's *navïeté* and misadventures. Wesley Ruggles has directed Harry Kurnitz's screenplay for laughs and realism. His soldiers are properly sweaty and grimy, but the laughs and grime don't mix convincingly in this case. Because of the attempts to present camp life as it is, the film's hilarity seems forced and artificial. We are amused at Hargrove and his pals and superiors, but we don't believe in them.

We don't believe in Samuel Goldwyn's version of soldiering either, but "Up In Arms" doesn't ask us to. In fact one scene (which shows a bevy of beautiful Goldwyn girls lolling on the deck of a transport in the Pacific) brings the comment from a soldier that the last war was never like this; and his pal cracks back: "Neither is this one!" That crack sums up the tone of the picture; the whole thing is done with good-natured humor and high jinks. Without any doubt, Danny Kaye is mainly responsible for this effervescence and bubbling spirit of good will. Of course the film has other assets: Elliot Nugent has directed with a good sense of comedy; Dinah Shore sings a couple of numbers in best form (especially "Tess's Torch Song"); newcomer Constance Dowling is quite an eyeful and the Goldwyn Girls, although they don't *do* much, are such beautiful hand-picked beauties that they are always a pleasure to watch; some of the script's lines and cracks are extremely clever; Miles White's costumes are done in his usual bright style; and the whole pic. is wrapped in gay technicolor appropriate to the film's lighthearted mood. Unfortunately the plot drags when its four-cornered Shakespearean love story delays the action. We really don't care how Danny Kaye and Dana Andrews divide themselves between Misses Shore and Dowling. But we do care about everything Danny does when he's before the camera. Danny portrays Danny Weems, a hypochondriac who runs an elevator in a hospital in order to have doctors handy at all times. His performance is so steeped in humor and understanding that it is a delight to see and should be required cinema for anyone who even suspects himself as a victim of hypochondria. But besides his side-splitting satire of a walking medicine cabinet and of an awkward private, Kaye shines even more brightly in his specialty numbers. Two songs in particular are guaranteed to send audiences rolling in all aisles. In "Theater Lobby Number," Danny runs through the whole gamut of a movie from the usual seemingly endless credits at the beginning of a film and through the whole plot of a melodrama and musical with Danny playing every rôle. In "Melody in 4-F," Danny sings with gestures all the steps from civilian to private. Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman deserve much of the credit for the success of these two numbers; after all they wrote them. But it's Kaye's brilliant delivery that puts them over. And how he puts them over! I'm sure the nonsense syllables that occur between the snatches of words in these songs belong to the James Joyce-Gertrude Stein school. While "Up In Arms" is done with typical glossy Goldwyn production, it is Danny Kaye who puts the film in 1-A for me.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Editors' Choice

MOBILIZING FOR ABUNDANCE. *Robert R. Nathan. Whittlesey.* $2.00.

THE HERITAGE OF SPAIN. *An Introduction to Spanish Civilization. Nicholson B. Adams. Holt.* $4.00.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE. *V. Sackville-West. Doubleday.* $2.50.

Thrift Is the Witch

IT IS easy to think of a long line of American worthies, from Benjamin Franklin to Calvin Coolidge, who would not like the thesis of Robert R. Nathan's "Mobilizing for Abundance." Nearly everyone will agree with the author that "free enterprise" has a dark future if our series of ever-deepening depressions is permitted to continue. But what will lift many an eyebrow is Mr. Nathan's hardly novel contention that savings are the cause of depressions. That has been said before, but the key to the Nathan scheme is a series of steps aimed at reducing, spending and offsetting savings. His solution of the modern depression problem rests squarely on the established theory of oversaving. His book also manifests the conviction that the plans must be laid today if after the war American business is to find itself in a generally favorable economic environment and there are to be ample markets for the goods and services we have developed the capacity to produce.

Spending is one of the author's keys to curtailing savings—which by withdrawing excessive sums from the cycle of production and consumption lead straight to reduced consumer demand, unless offset by an equal amount of spending of past savings. The huge cash reserves which our big life insurance companies and savings banks accumulate in order to meet expected withdrawals therefore serve to accelerate the lag in consuming power which directly causes depressions. And when this purchasing power is on the wane, it will help little to invest in new productive capacity. That is why simply letting American finance have its head, as we are often told to, is no solution for the postwar economy. Greater consumption of houses, automobiles, refrigerators and other durable goods on the part of families in the lower income brackets is our principal opportunity for increasing private spending. Much of this would also coincide with the greatest current social needs of the nation. Mr. Nathan believes that the Government will also have to spend somewhere around 15 billions annually for public works in the early postwar years if idle savings are to be sufficiently offset. Our economic system won't work unless purchasing power is available for the goods produced.

Mr. Nathan is tough when it comes to the tax sector of his scheme. He would eliminate tax-exempt securities, unify but not telescope local, state and national tax systems and substitute direct for indirect taxes. He thus advocates higher income and inheritance taxes, reduction or elimination of excise and property taxes, many of which the people do not realize they are paying. He would also eliminate corporate income taxes on all but undivided profits. And in order to insure the widest possible expenditures for goods on the part of the low-income groups, who normally are unable to lay aside any appreciable savings, he would cut to a minimum if not eliminate altogether direct taxes on them.

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would vastly strengthen our social security system. He would provide adequate benefits for the retired and unemployed, not by increasing the worker's or employer's weekly contribution but through additional taxation. He would also make it on a national, rather than the present state-national basis. Obsolete plants will have to be abandoned if offsets to savings in the form of investment in new productive facilities are not to lead to surpluses of goods. And we shall not be able to count much on increased foreign trade after the war, unless a good portion of it is in some form of lend-lease. As opposed to short-term foreign loans Mr. Nathan suggests something along the line of "shares of ownership." He is a low tariff man, too.

In general his scheme is aimed at expanding private business to its maximum, with Government providing whatever is necessary to bridge the gap. His explanation of our difficulties primarily in terms of savings is remarkably simple, in fact overly simple, as he himself admits. He writes without the slightest effort at adornment, in a straightforward, vigorous style. It would be difficult to find a more convincing exposé of advanced non-classical, economics.

Long Before Franco

IF YOU look first at the pictures the first you will see are reproductions of paintings by Sorolla, and somehow Sorolla has painted the Spain which is in the minds of most foreigners. He knows more about Spain than do foreigners. That advantage could hardly be denied him. But he manages to look at Spain as if he were a foreigner looking at Spain. He has made Spain glossy and slick. He has made a Spain to fit on the walls of a Spanish *de luxe* night club in America. It is as if he were preoccupied with making souvenirs of Spain. Yet after all, toward 1915, the exhibitions that he had in the United States served to persuade many Americans that there existed a background to "Carmen." His beautiful ladies stood in front of stark mountains and walled cities; his peasants on bare wind-swept plateaus. His painting brought us some awareness of Spanish contrast. Perhaps Professor Adams thought that a few Sorollas would catch the eye of someone looking at his "Heritage of Spain" and lead him to his text. It is to be hoped that this stratagem works.

Well, that is enough for our prejudiced views on Sorolla. The many other illustrations in the book are extremely interesting and well chosen—monuments, works of art, landscapes, portraits. And Dr. Adams's text is excellent. We were about to say his "textbook," for this is the history of the literature of a great nation, together with enough of the nation's history so that the reader may relate Spanish writing to Spanish life, and with bibliography, index and illustrations, an immense amount of material is condensed into 331 pages. Yet although the book accomplishes the work of a textbook, it is a book that is written and not a compendium. There are lists of writers and comment on the writers but you do not read this book as if you were reading lists. It is a reference book, but you read it from start to finish because all the parts of it are held together. Dr. Adams starts out with the Iberians, the Roman invasion, the Moors; he ends up with Lorca; it will be a good thing if everyone reads what goes between.

The great Spanish names are in all our minds but they are lonely figures; they never seem to talk to each other;

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they do not seem to belong to a family. We can hear those names pronounced in almost any order without feeling that we are disrupting history. Cervantes, Greco, Goya, Saint Teresa, Ferdinand and Isabella, the Cid. They can be painters, saints, and kings: we can hardly match them with their centuries. They are the voices which have come to us from Spain but they are fearfully detached from Spain and from the continuity of Spanish history. This book brings these people into their proper sequence, and that is a help, but it does more than that. It relates them the one to the other, and each one of them to the Spain in which he lived. These voices from the centuries are orchestrated, or rather they were always orchestrated, there was always a polyphonic Spanish music; it is only that most of us have never known the score; Dr. Adams publishes it and comments on it very clearly.

Probably there is no other great country with which we have had, historically, a close connection and about which we know so little. Dr. Adams calls his "Heritage of Spain" an "Introduction to Spanish Civilization." There is no other great country to which such an introduction is at this moment as needed. The violent political interest which Spain excited throughout the world at the cost of a civl war has not died down—it could not die down—when we have this war now and Spain is of great political and moral importance to the outcome of this war. We have had to think about Spain just as we have had to think about Russia. Yet our interest in Spain has not forced us to go back into Spanish history in the way we have read so much about Russian history. In this last publishing season there have been at least three anthologies of Russian literature and, of course, and fortunately, the Russian classics have always been well known to us. But the background of Spain has not had so generous a treatment. There is Gerald Brenan's book but it deals only with the immediate past; and Madariaga, but his is an essay of personal opinion. For the classics, Cervantes is available, and there are some translations of the moderns. But there has been room—more than room—for a view of the whole, for a review of Spanish cultural achievement. This is it.

Two Teresas

THIS brief study in mysticism is written after a fashion to delight any reader who likes clear, springy, witty English. The author, of course, is not a Catholic, but she writes with a deep sympathy for the mystical experience, springing perhaps from her own artistic experience, since she constantly draws attention to the parallelism between the two—a parallelism equally emphasized by such writers as Jacques Maritain. Obviously she finds herself more at home with the older Teresa—great lady as she was, and great lady of the world, with the humor, true simplicity, human insight, which seems to be the finest attainment of aristocracy. The Little Flower was a great saint, but she is essentially an unaristocratic saint, buried under layers of Victorian cotton-batting and sugary bad taste. The sound core of genuine spirituality, of true vision, is there, but it is expressed in the style of an oleograph and of heavy mahogany furniture and of realistic marble statuary. "The Eagle and the Dove" is a rewarding book and one which cannot help casting light upon the mystery of sanctity; it should be read by anyone genuinely interested in trying to fathom that mystery. It is a far cry from the ordinary saint's life, and for that we may all be grateful.

Catholic Book Club Selection for April

THE Church AND THE Liberal Society

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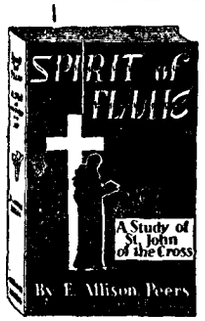

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More Books of the Week

Ancient Greece in Modern America. John R. Macarthur. Caxton. $6.00.

THERE are two kinds of popularization. The commercial kind done by elaborate and showy journalists, who work up one subject after another with a minimum of accuracy and maximum of glossy varnish, tends to bring all popularization into disrepute. Yet there is room for books for the beginner or for the general reader by men who have devoted the effort and affection of a lifetime to their subject. This book seems to belong to the latter kind of popularization. It has two main ideas. The first is to show how the great memory of Greece still permeates our life. The second is that since the stories of Greek gods and heroes in our literature and art form the most conspicuous part of our Hellenic background, it would be useful to retell these stories for the modern American who cannot read the originals.

To show how the great inheritance of Greece still pervades every aspect of American life is an aim calling either for an encyclopedia or a familiar essayist. Mr. Macarthur has not attempted an exhaustive or statistical study. He has written a series of informal, unpretentious essays which seem to be based upon lectures and are in an easy, informal, sometimes slangy style. It may seem, at first thought, supremely unimportant that Charles Paddock, holder of the American hundred-yard-dash record, in his newspaper column began a series of articles on the twelve greatest men the world has known with Aristotle, quoting from him "No man lives unto himself" and "Man is by nature a political animal." Or that to Mr. Macarthur the most interesting Greek colony in the United States is at Lowell, Massachusetts, because that is composed entirely of immigrants from Laconia where the purest Greek blood is supposed to have been retained. But out of such odd items the author builds up an impression of the ubiquity of the Greek inheritance. His least pretentious essays, such as those on the Greeks in our gardens, in medicine, and in advertising, are the most enjoyable. Those on the great subjects are, like most popular lectures, not altogether satisfying in cold print. The many illustrations carry out the author's purpose entertainingly and tellingly, although one could wish publishers had contributed better reproductions and a more pleasing binding.

E. P. RICHARDSON.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. $2.50

THERE is a South American General (by courtesy) who is comfortably installed in Biarritz and then the war comes. So, of course, then he seeks a transatlantic and less precarious comfort. He has apoplectic fits every so often, a skilled and arrogant French chef, a refugee German secretary, an Indian (South American) valet, three large hounds—heaps and heaps of money. He takes along with him the casual wife of a casual friend and, adamantly refractory to all immoral purposes, an English lady of a certain age whom once upon a time he fished out of the Seine, in which river she had sought to die, and who, still intermittently intent on suicide, insists on being accompanied everywhere by her coffin. This odd assembly journeys by chartered yacht to Casablanca; on a Greek tramp steamer to New York; hence—accumulating en route the General's cousin, a mild and gentle diplomat

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who walks in his sleep, together with an escaped murderer—through the Panama Canal to Ecuador. Here there is another ship, a river steamboat, which finds the river a greatly difficult problem, and it is on the *Reina del Pacifico* that the General returns to the cows, the crocodiles, the brightly colored birds, the forests, the hills, the Indians and to the magnificent marble villa which, in this bright wilderness, is his home.

Now he can hear the singing of the night clubs only *via* radio; the lady who used to call him "swit-hart" has been left behind in New York; the English lady is still with him, and a young girl from the village is with him, wandering about the marble palace until she is with child. Then she is married off to the Indian valet—the one who walks the dogs and, when the fits come, takes care of the General. That's all there is. These people talk and remember things and then there is an earthquake.

Most people think this is very funny and I do also; they think that Bemelmans always writes about rich lunatics and expensive hotels and that what he writes is charming. Some people have said that this is not a novel at all, because the characters do not develop. They do not think it is a novel or funny. Some people think that the characters in the book are unreal, impossible and that it is all a game. There I disagree.

I believe in the General, the Indians, the French chef and the rest of them—in all of them except in various characters who make their appearance in a generally tiresome and irrelevant chapter describing a New York night club. And even there I believe in the headwaiter. And I believe that Bemelmans believes in them and that this is not a cynical book. I think that it is a tender picture of lonely people. They are useless people, of course, but then an earthquake or something takes care of useless people in the end and while they are with us it is not entirely useless to look at them live. They do a lot of things one should not do and of course their society is not one into which to introduce your daughter. If she is very rich, she will know enough about it sooner or later; if she is not very rich, then there would be only the servant's entrance or a worse one. I was, then, rather moved by the book; I will remember, I think, the General and his cousin and the English lady with her coffin. I think I feel about the General as the English lady felt about him. Certainly I will remember the extraordinary ability of the Bemelmans descriptive passages. It may even be that I will think I have been to Ecuador. C. G. PAULDING.

Dictionary of Cooperation. Emery S. Bogardus. Cooperative League of the USA. $.75.

THIS sixty-page booklet, which covers the ground from "Accountancy, cooperative" to "Zurich Consumers' Society," is less of a dictionary of cooperative terms than a lexicon of leaders and cooperative organizations. Its publication happily coincides with the centenary of this great instrument of democracy. It provides a wealth of testimony that many nations and peoples have had their share in building up the movement.

George CATLIN is the husband of the Vera Brittain whose article in *Fellowship* is discussed elsewhere in this issue. He has had a varied political and academic life and is associated with the British Labor Party. Perhaps his best known book is "Study of the Principles of Politics."
Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is at present serving as a Naval Chaplain.
Frederick EBRIGHT is a Technical Sergeant in the Air Forces, c/o Postmaster, Seattle.
E. P. RICHARDSON is Assistant Director of the Detroit Art Institute.

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Next Week

PUERTO RICO, by Leo J. Trese is a first-hand account of current conditions in that impoverished American island. It graphically describes such aspects as slums, education, religious conditions, the agrarian situation and the program which at long last the United States is gradually working out in collaboration with Puerto Rican leaders. "The present Governor, Rexford Tugwell (whom Father Trese has just interviewed), has publicly stated that conditions in the Island today are as bad as, if not worse than, when the United States wrested Puerto Rico from Spain some 46 years ago . . . "

FAR-SIGHTED STATESMEN, by Alfredo Mendizabal carries on the author's series of analyses of the Spanish situation which began with his appreciation of Juan Besteiro a few weeks ago. It deals with other Spaniards who have sought to break the tragic cycle whereby power was seized first by the Right, then by the Left, and each time with bloody retribution. A tribute to men of vision who sought to pacify the passions of the rival factions during the Civil War in Spain and are the hope of that desolated land.

THE GILBERTS by Edward Skillin, jr., compares the conditions encountered by the American Marines who last fall stormed Makin and Tarawa with those so colorfully detailed by Robert Louis Stevenson more than fifty years ago. Readers of the daily press tend to think of these Pacific islands in terms of the Japanese and the Americans now in possession. This little study suggests that thought be given to the men and women whose simple lives have been caught up in the terrific struggle for control of the Pacific.

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